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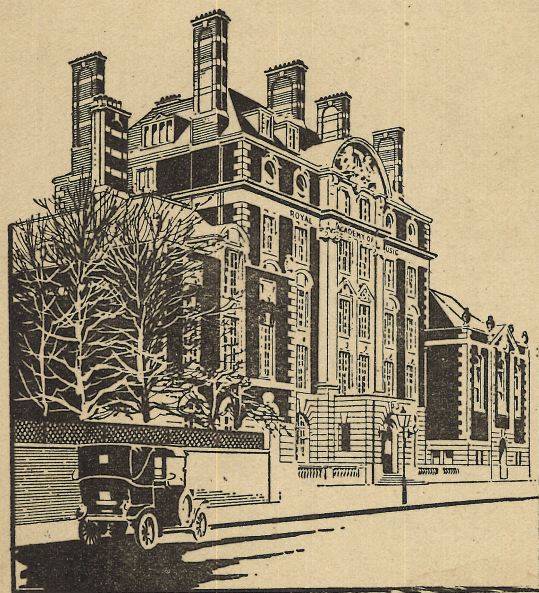
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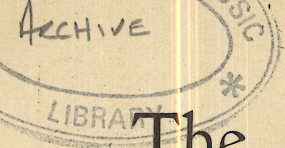
No. 87

June
1930



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The R.A.M. CLUB MAGAZINE

a committee
Edited by J. A. FORSYTH

No. 87

June, 1930

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Editorial Notes and Notions

THE ATTENTION of Overseas Members is drawn to the following important fact. Payment of £1 1s. ensures a Life Membership.

The victim of Pen Pictures of Personalities Past and Present in this issue is Captain William Wallace. He is a great man, and deservedly well known far beyond the confines of the Academy; and like most great men, at least of his period, whatever they may be nowadays, is shy, and looks upon interviewing as a painful, if not vulgar, operation. I heartily agree with him, and am therefore all the more grateful for his kindly reception and the patient manner he submitted to my interrogations. The Library of the Royal Academy of Music is a peaceful spot, especially in the afternoon.

My thanks are due to Mr Philip Lèvi for his interesting and informative article on Busoni. Mr Lèvi is a Busoni enthusiast, and by his fine playing of the master's compositions, is slowly but surely making known to the English public a great pianist and his works.

My thanks to the kind friend, who prefers to remain anonymous, for the most interesting account of June 4. This unique concert marks still another milestone in the history of the Academy. I also acknowledge with gratitude 'Spoofsie'. Whoever sent it to me is a wag, and I hope that many more readers of the magazine will realize that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and that articles in the lighter vein are always welcome.

May I draw the attention of all readers to the criticism from the *Liverpool Post* of the June 4 concert? My friend A. K. Holland is a caustic critic at times, and praise from him is praise indeed.

I again draw the attention of readers of the Magazine to the following paragraph which has already appeared in previous issues, but so far the response cannot be described as gratifying. Perhaps its true inwardness has been missed by readers of the Magazine. Among the many professors and students there must be a moiety with literary ambitions. Editorial sympathy and consideration will be extended to any contribution submitted.

'We shall welcome articles of general interest from our readers

and their friends. It must be clearly understood that we accept no responsibility for such articles, but they will have careful consideration and every effort will be made to return them in the event of non-publication. Such articles should be addressed to the Editor, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, N.W.1.'

Pen Pictures of Personalities Past & Present

BY THE EDITOR

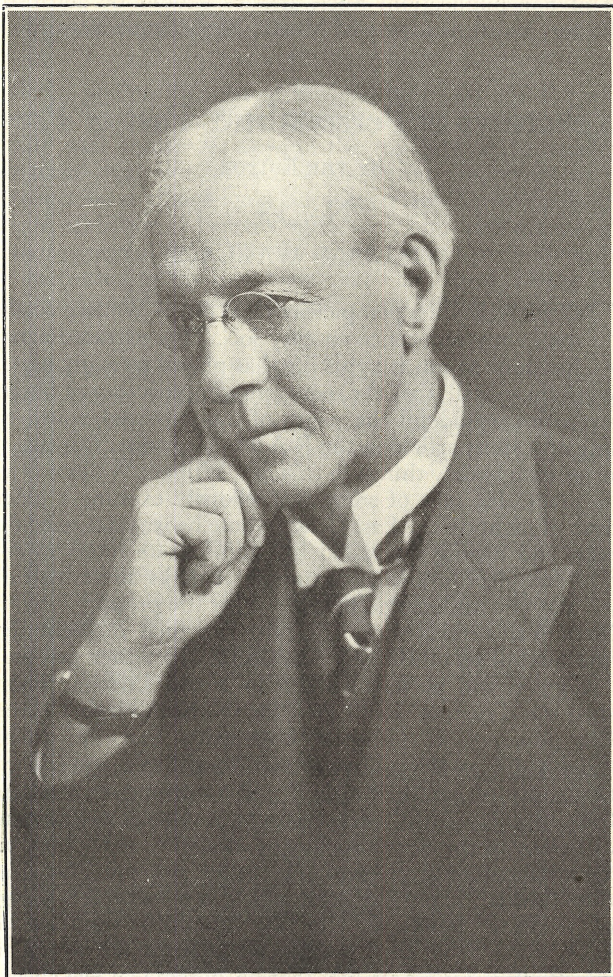
No. 13

WILLIAM WALLACE

TO PRESENT a pen picture of William Wallace seemed to me in my innocence an easy job. This extraordinary man has done so much in his life, has played so many parts, and played them so well, that the mere stringing together of his countless activities would fill the pages of a good-sized novel, to say nothing of a short article in the R.A.M. Magazine. But like many of the seemingly easy things in this life, William Wallace is a hard nut to crack. He tells of some marvellously exciting incident in the dead of night on the East Coast, where he was stationed during the war, and having interested his unfortunate interviewer to a pitch of complete enthusiasm, quietly remarks at the end of the story: 'But you understand that is not for the press!'

William Wallace was born at Greenock which incidentally was also the birthplace of Hamish MacCunn. His father was an eminent surgeon, and he sent his son to Fettes College, where he obtained the Trustees' Exhibition for the Edinburgh University. It was, however, at Glasgow University that he graduated M.B. and M.Ch. in 1885. Then came Vienna, Paris, and Moorfields for the study of ophthalmology, and returning to Scotland in 1888, he took his M.D. with honours at Glasgow. Incidentally he is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine and a Member of the Ophthalmological Society. He never went in for general practice—indeed, hated the idea, and it is a fortunate thing for music, painting, literature, and the hundred and one other activities, which most men would call hobbies, but which are to William Wallace his whole life, that he became an eye specialist.

With the same zeal with which he pursued his scientific studies, he came to London, and entered upon his musical career, and here again his success was phenomenally rapid. He studied for two terms at the R.A.M., and under his own guidance in his leisure,



WILLIAM WALLACE

and we may be sure at hot haste, for everything he does is done at full speed; and in 1892, after several other works had been heard, his first symphonic poem, and the first English symphonic poem, was produced by Manns at the Crystal Palace. *The Passing of Beatrice* is a remarkable work for a three-years' student to have written, serious student as Wallace was, and it so impressed Manns that he conducted several other first performances of his works. Space will not allow me to give even a résumé of Wallace's musical career and his compositions, but at least two of his works deserve special mention. *Villon*, the sixth of his symphonic poems, and the best known and most popular of his works, is a picturesque treatment of the fascinating French rascal, from the poetical side of 'The Prince of Ballad Makers'. Wallace conducted the first performance of *Villon* at the Queen's Hall in 1909, and it has been performed all over the world, and particularly in America under Walter Damrosch. The second composition I wish to mention is the famous and popular song-cycle, 'Freebooter's Songs', with orchestral accompaniment to his own words, for Wallace is a poet as well as a music maker. Three of these songs are spirited and picturesque, finely inspired by the traditional feuds of the Lowland clans, while the ^{third} ~~fourth~~, the beautiful 'Son of Mine', as real tenderness and charm. The composer designed the attractive cover for these songs. Then came the war, and in 1915 Wallace was posted to the Military Hospital at Colchester. With a prescience rare where red tape rules supreme, the authorities discovered that they had in this middle-aged man not only an eye specialist, but a born organiser, who in four months, by his restless energy, completely re-organised the whole department, with the result that he was appointed Inspector of Ophthalmic Centres in the Eastern Command, comprising eleven counties. It is worth recording that during his war service he had only three weeks' leave, and in the latter two and a half years was not off duty for a single day. During this time music was out of the question, but Wallace found another artistic outlet. He made a large number of water colour drawings of the more unusual results of eye injuries and presented them to the Royal Army Medical War Museum. Wallace served four years, and retired in 1919 with the rank of Captain.

As maybe inferred from above, my 'victim' is also a painter. He managed to find time—it is always the busy man who finds time for everything and everybody—to join the Chelsea Arts Club, and then, as he himself quaintly puts it, he became a landscape painter 'for the fun of the thing'. But Wallace's 'fun' usually leads to deeds. And here I must say a word about Mrs Wallace, for she comes into the story at this point. This gifted woman is

a daughter of the late Lord McLaren, a sculptor, a pupil of Rodin, and an exhibitor at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy, and various other London exhibitions. It so happened that last year Mrs Wallace could not finish a work she intended sending in to the Royal Academy in April. Her husband jocularly remarked: 'It's a pity the family will not be represented this year!' He sat down and proceeded to paint a corner of his own house in London, sent the picture in, and it was hung on the line. Visitors to the Academy of 1928 will doubtless remember this striking picture with the title, 'Waterloo Drum.' He never sent in again. Once was enough. And now a word or two about another work. Wallace is the author of a unique pamphlet, 'An Index of Greek Ligatures and Contractions'. For over 500 years nobody thought of occupying himself with Greek typography, which, owing to its crabbedness and elusive contractions, was a great handicap to the study of later Greek literature. Personally, I have neither the time nor the talent to pursue or peruse Greek, but if the treatise is as clear as Wallace's lectures on the eye, it should be invaluable to students. I say this advisedly, for during one Review Week I dropped in to a darkened Duke's Hall one day, intending to stay five minutes, but I stayed to the end, for it was Wallace on his topically given lecture on the eye, pictorially illustrated, about which I knew nothing, except from 'the seeing out of them' point of view.

In Captain William Wallace we have a man of extraordinarily varied powers, a gift of assimilating, and in himself exhibiting, many forms of art. In his many-sided life, he proves that all rules have their exceptions; for he is both Jack and master of all trades. And yet there is nothing of the dashing musketeer in his personality. He has a distinct and most impressive personality, but rather is it of the recluse, at least this is the impression he gave me, when I interrupted him in the library of the Royal Academy of Music, where he was engaged in the congenial task of re-cataloguing many rare works. All the same, when occasion arises, he can give and parry rapier thrusts as shrewdly as D'Artagnan himself.

I do not know Wallace's motto, it might well be 'Co-ordination and Concentration'.

Busoni and Youth

WHEN Busoni shut himself up for a year in order to play nothing but Bach, he said, jocularly of himself, 'Come sono diligente!' ('How industrious I am!') On coming out of his retirement, he was almost immediately requested to hear

some one play—a young lady trained to raise each finger high in the air before striking the note. Busoni turned to her teacher,



BUSONI

who was sitting near him, and remarked smilingly, 'Com' é diligente!' ('How industrious she is!') But when this young lady, about to attack one of the Forty-eight, stopped short to ask him if he knew that particular work, Busoni was completely

overcome by so much simplicity, and when she had finished playing, presented her with a copy of that very Prelude and Fugue, the one to which he had appended his ingenious *Fuga figurata*.

Busoni's love of young people, his deep interest in them, were beautiful traits in his character, but to appreciate them fully in his case it is necessary to realize how incomplete and how unhappy his own youth had been. When he asserted that he had never had a childhood, he meant not merely that as a boy he was very much cut off from the society of other children, but that the time which a boy of genius such as he might have employed so profitably in pursuing his own fancy was exacted to the last minute by a father who exploited him as a prodigy, making him play not only in public in his own country and abroad, but to anybody of musical importance who might come to the house. Busoni would recount how he dreaded the arrival of these visitors, with the inevitable call from his father to come down and, pointing to the piano, 'Now, just show them what you can do'. Yet he entertained feelings of great tenderness towards both his parents: towards his father, in spite of the tyranny he exercised over him, and towards his mother, who had taught him to play the pianoforte, because he felt he owed so much to her. So little resentment, indeed, did he feel against his father that after his death he collected and revised the exercises for the clarinet which the elder Busoni, himself an accomplished clarinettist, had vaguely jotted down from time to time, and published them as an act of affection. Moreover, he wrote the *Fantasia nach Bach* in loving memory of his father.

Busoni's childhood of professional activity meant, of course, that his general education was being sadly neglected, and in early manhood he began to feel a keen sense of this deficiency. When very young people came to play to him, he would enquire anxiously about their schooling, and would remind them how important it was to be well educated. Perhaps the Latin titles which he gave to all the sonatinas, two of these titles being of great length and suggesting recourse to a dictionary and a grammar, reflect the desire for a greater degree of classical culture—a curious craving when one considers how little such learning would have added to a mental stature already so great. By his own intellectual energy, however, he managed to repair many of these omissions and later he was able to pass as a well-read man. English literature he by no means neglected: for Dickens he had a peculiar fondness, and his visits to London afforded him the exquisite enjoyment of happening upon true

Dickens characters whom he thought to recognize at every corner. He could quote freely from *Tristram Shandy*, a strange companion, with its typically English humour, for a man who, after middle age, would aver that he felt more and more Italian every day. Later in life he was smitten with Faust-fever, and made himself an authority on this subject, besides collecting a most valuable library of books bearing on the sources of the Faust legend.

It was in boyhood that Busoni met Rubinstein and conceived a great admiration for that artist (the Concertstück for piano-forte and orchestra is dedicated to him). Though he never had lessons from Rubinstein, he was profoundly influenced by him, just as he himself influenced, in fact formed, pupils without teaching them in the strict sense of the word. For Busoni did not attempt to hide his distaste for giving lessons, and at the classes which his pupils attended he would play and talk to them. Bach in music, Rubinstein pianistically: these were the only great influences in his life; that of Brahms representing only a transitory phase. But what is interesting to observe here is that in spite of Busoni's emphatic assertion that his childhood had been no childhood, and quite apart from the impressive tone of finality and maturity which stamped all his best work in composing, in playing, in writing, there was about his emotional processes, about his enthusiasms, his receptivity of influences, his eagerness in obeying impulses and in satisfying wants, something which we have always been taught to regard as the ideal childlike quality of the poet, of the artist, and of the great man: a great freedom of insight, akin to the child's often instinctively right judgment, and a great lack of self-consciousness. In a word, Busoni possessed in a remarkable degree that 'natura purissima' (surely there is no need to translate this) which he himself so delighted to find in young people.

PHILIP LÉVI

Liverpool: 4th June, 1930

IT is difficult to find a word to describe it all. 'Adventure' is overworked: 'Crusade' now-a-days implies rescue-work for people who need to be rescued: 'Expedition' somehow suggests C.O.D.

Perhaps 'Invasion' meets the case partially but not entirely. In any case it implies preliminary staff-work and an immense amount of preparation, upon which it is necessary to dwell.

Whoever had the brain-wave to send the Orchestra to Liverpool and to give a Concert there had enterprise and imagination. It was a masterly conception. As the idea expanded the question of organization became of supreme importance, quite apart from the programme-building and rehearsals. It was no small task to send forth nearly 150 people with their instruments on a four hours' journey, to give a Concert, and to bring them back, all in the space of twelve-and-a-half hours.

The problem had three elements: (1) Objective, the concert arrangements at the other end, for which Mr Rushworth was responsible, acting under instructions; (2) Transport: co-operation with the London, Midland and Scottish Railway for conveyance of the Orchestra; (3) Commissariat: provision of meals on the train and at the railway-head. The solution of these three elements called for the working out of an infinity of detail and of forethought, and those in charge must have had many anxious moments.

Enthusiasm for the scheme was necessary, and this was not the least important factor. So, at the early hour of 8.30 on the morning of the 4th June there assembled at Euston the Orchestra of the R.A.M. and officials connected with the Academy, many of whom must have risen long before the milkman.

It looked as if the Railway Company had taken pride in the event, for the long train of reserved carriages with restaurant car was labelled 'R.A.M. Orchestra', and even the railway and dinner tickets were specially printed.

It was astonishing to find that when the lists of the Orchestra were checked, soon after the train started, only one person was missing, but he had the fortune to catch a train and reach Liverpool in time for the concert.

It took some time for the passengers to settle down. Some had their sewing or knitting, their newspapers, no doubt their crossword puzzles. Quartets played steadily at a decomposing and deconcerting affair called Bridge. But what stirred the company into action was a Derby sweep, a great success—for those who won.

The railway line went through country mostly unspoiled by towns, where giant oaks stood solitary, in scorn for bungling bungalow builders elsewhere. There were rows upon rows of hedges powdered with snowy blossom, too remote for vandal trippers to despoil. There were stretches of fields that bore witness to the cunning of the ploughman who here and there had carved wonderful patterns in the soil. There were good things to look at, till at last we gave the country-side its farewell,

and encountered Runcorn. After that it was but a step to Lime Street Station. On de-training the company moved into sunlight for a photograph, which is reproduced in this number, and then passed out for lunch in a 'Banqueting Hall', or in the Adelphi Hotel.

As the Concert was by invitation to the heads of civic and educational bodies there was great competition to secure tickets. Although the Philharmonic Hall seats about 2,000 the applications were four times that number. It was an audience almost entirely of young people still at school, mostly girls, with grown up people here and there.

Of the Concert it must be recorded that it was the finest that the R.A.M. had ever given, and Sir Henry Wood received an ovation.

The programme was designed to show the work of the Academy in its various branches of activity, in orchestral playing, in concertos, and in singing—the Orchestra taking part in every number.

Freda Townson in two songs by Grieg, Joan Coxon in Mozart's 'Mia speranza adorata', Valetta Iacobi in two of Elgar's 'Sea Pictures', Irene Morden as Brünnhilde in the overwhelming Closing Scene from 'Götterdämmerung', and Wilfrid Miles in 'Sound an Alarm', acquitted themselves with distinction. David Taylor in Paganini's 'Concerto in D', had beautiful tone and style, and a strongly contrasted work, Liszt's Pianoforte 'Concerto in E Flat', was brilliantly played by Yelland Richards. The Orchestra began with the 'Roman Carnival' Overture of Berlioz, with its opening played with fine artistry by Helen Gaskell on the English Horn, while the *Allegro vivace* brought out the splendid tone and spirit of the strings, to be displayed later in the 'Brandenburg Concerto No. 3', with a brilliance which more mature players might well envy. The extraordinarily difficult orchestral part in 'Götterdämmerung' came out triumphantly, and lastly Otto Ernst conducted the First Movement of Brahms' 'Symphony No. 2', with confidence and assurance, and without a score.

It was a great event, worthily planned and carried out, and Sir Henry Wood had reason to feel proud of what had been achieved, almost effortless as it seemed. But long before any of the works were put on the desks for the rehearsals he had spent countless hours in preparing, with almost microscopic detail, the scores and bandparts so as to smooth the way for perfection. It is in this respect, working in silence and out of the sight of men, that Sir Henry has won the highest regard as a great artist.

Happily the Concert coincided with the Centenary (on June 23, 1830) of the conferring the Royal Designation upon the Academy, by His Majesty King George IV.

The return journey was made in the same train. A frightful epidemic of autograph-hunting raged for four hours. This was interrupted by dinner, to be resumed with increasing virulence, till the train drew into Euston about 9 o'clock with three minutes in hand. But the end of the perfect day was not yet, for some of the Opera Class went back to the Academy to rehearse 'The Valkyre.'

To an onlooker it might have appeared to be putting a severe strain upon so many young people to expect alertness and brilliancy after the train-journey, and with no time to rest before playing, but under Sir Henry, accustomed as the Students are to play twice a week, and to concentrate upon works old and new, many of which have to be played *prima vista*, the Orchestra came through the ordeal unscathed.

It only remains to say that in the Orchestra of 136 there were ninety-two strings, of whom only two—double basses—were not students.

Spoofsie went to Liverpool

BELOVEDEST you won't believe where your Spoofsie has been so I must tell you all about it. You remember I wanted to go in for Musical Comedy so I went to the R.A.M. to be scientifically trained and some one gave me a thing they called an audience anyway it began with od— so I was sent to a room and there was the most concrete man I have ever seen and he asked me to sing to him. Well you know that song that that girl Jemima something or other that I was absolutely the living image of—her song you know though she had rather a concrete voice but at least you heard the words so I tried that but the man looked at me like Greenlands icy mountains and said the next time I wanted to have my voice tried I had better not leave it lying about but bring along as much as I could find now wasn't that simply chromatic? However, as I was going out I met another man who saw the tears in my eyes and guessed that something was wrong and when I told him he said would you like to play a nobo so I thanked him and said very much indeed though I didn't know what a nobo was. But he gave me a note to a very lovely lady who made an appointment but when I got home I looked up a

dicshonary and could not find anything in it about a nobo which perhaps is French or Latin for something or other. But it turned out that it was not a nobo at all but an obo. Here I must put in dots as they do in novels when they don't know how to go on.

So to cut a long story short as the concrete papers say I learned the obo which is more pungent than the other kind and your Spoofsie felt quite cosmetic. So darlingest I found myself in a norchestra no that is wrong I mean an orchesct but it sounds more obsolete to say the orchestcetra. Now would you believe it the wonderful thing happened the R.A.M. Students orchesct went to Liverpool to give a concert and I was chosen to go with it as the fifth obo now was'nt that simply acrostic darling we went in a train a long one the longest I have ever seen it took hours and hours to walk from one end to the other. On every window there was a huge concrete notice Strictly Reserved R.A.M. Orchestc No Admittance Trespassers will be Executed but that of course did not apply to our execution which was truly supertonic. I was advised to take a book so I went to the libry and a man there said do you want to improve your mind and I said yes then he said try Plato and I tried Plato but it was a kind of talk between two highbrows just asking questions so that the other could give the most obvious and concrete answers. However I was well supplied in other ways for I had my mirror and lipstick and a powderpuff but it soon got worn out for it was very hot and I had to use it oftener and oftener than I had ever done before and of course I had my string of pearls which looked almost real I think Woolworth deserves a monument. To begile the time and pass the dreary hours as the poet says we had a sweepsteak for the Derby; I drew LXm2984 which wasnt a horse at all but a bus ticket or it might have been a taxi still it was great fun and helped to pass the dreary ect as I and the poet say. Then when we arrived there was of course a concrete photographer and alas your poor little Spoofsie came out as if I had a gumboil these photographers are absolutely diatonic that at least is my opinion. Well we got to the Hall which is equatorial in shape if you know what I mean and not like Queens Hall which is like a soup tureen with a bit cut off artictects have simply sepulchral ideas.

Oh I forgot to say that would you believe it on the train we about 2 or 3 hundred just like your Spoofsie had only one shapperon. Now when I mentioned it to a friend she said I used a wrong word for that was the name of a fiddle piece by Mr Bachtxy or something like that any way he was in the Russian

ballet I was told and Russians dont mind really how you spell their luciferous names. Perhaps I was not right about the shapperon who I understood was a lady and not the name of a piece she had brought a bottle of smelling salts and odercolong and bath salts and a needle and thread to stitch us up in case we met with a collision.

Well I was told where to sit in the hall and there I was all in the row with the flutes and obos and other things that you blow into right in the middle with my nice white organdie ring velvet with a touch of lace and my lovely sash and of course my pearls I think Woolworth deserves but I said that before. I do believe darlingest that nobody could have failed to notice me but when Sir Henry came on there was no fifth obo part for me and I had just to sit and smile like an advertisement of Odol or Craven A or Sunlight soap or Mister Drage.

(Spoofsie's description of the concert is too 'concrete' for insertion.)

On the return journey the excitement of the orchestetra was positively spasmodic everyone wanted my ottograf as if I was Amy Johnson or an Australian cricketer but to oblige I signed my name as far as I could on the programmes a few hundred times but what with the wobbling of the train I fancy few would recognise in Gnafe, Roofy, Bafgee, Dafya, and many other variations as

Your most belovedest
SPOOFSIE.

Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool

JUNE 4TH, 1930
PROGRAMME

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

OVERTURE—'Le Carnaval Romain,' Op. 9 ... *Berlioz*

SONGS { 'Ein Schwan' ...
{ 'Ein Traum,' Op. 48, No. 6 } ... *Grieg*

FREDA TOWNSON

CONCERTO in D *Allegro maestoso* ... *Paganini*
Solo Violin—DAVID TAYLOR
(Gowland Harrison Exhibitioner)

PROGRAMME—continued.

RECIT. and RONDO—'Mia speranza adorata' (Köchel v. 416) *Mozart*
JOAN COXON *Mozart*

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D, Op. 73 (1st Movement) ... *Brahms*
Allegro non troppo

Conducted by OTTO ERNST

INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 3, in G—for Strings ... *Bach*
Allegro moderato

SONGS { 'Where Corals lie'
{ 'Sabbath morning at Sea' } (Sea Pictures, Op. 37) *Elgar*

VALETTA IACOPI
(Associated Board Exhibitioner)

CONCERTO No. 1, in E flat ... *Liszt*
Solo Pianoforte—YELLAND RICHARDS
(Blumenthal Scholar)

RECIT.—'My Arms' } (Judas Maccabæus) *Handel*
ARIA—'Sound an Alarm' }

WILFRED MILES
(Walter Stokes Scholar)

CLOSING SCENE from 'Götterdämmerung' ... *Wagner*
IRENE MORDEN (Brünnhilde)

STEINWAY CONCERT GRAND PIANOFORTE

Conductor—SIR HENRY WOOD

What the *Liverpool Post* says:—

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT

Students' Orchestra at Philharmonic Hall

The Royal Academy of Music showed commendable enterprise in sending its students' orchestra to give a concert under the direction of Sir Henry Wood, at the Philharmonic Hall, yesterday afternoon. This is, without doubt, the best orchestra of its kind in the country. It has the qualities of youth, a keenness of attack, and a good sense of team work. Sir Henry had, indeed, reason to be proud of his players. The ensemble was quite excellent, the

solo work always sensitive and musicianly, and the general orchestral tone full of life. We made a note particularly of the enthusiastic percussion players. Systematic rehearsing has obviously brought the orchestra to its present pitch of accuracy and certainty of performance.

The programme was an extremely searching one, both for the orchestra and the soloists. It opened with the 'Carnaval Romain' of Berlioz, and finished with the 'closing scene' from 'Götterdämmerung.' There were three concerto movements, part of a symphony, and all the songs were orchestrally accompanied. So that there seems virtually nothing, in point of scope or difficulty, that is beyond the resources of these students. They had a little help in the wind sections, but in the bulk this is the Academy's own product, and a very youthful one at that. Numerically, there seemed to be a preponderance of young women players, particularly in the strings. The tone was never coarse, and often, as in the Brandenburg concerto movement for strings alone, it had real brilliance.

One of the most interesting performances was that of the Brahms Symphony in D (first movement), conducted by a student, Mr Otto Ernst. This young man has the makings of a conductor. His style is a little too spectacular at the moment, and if the voice was the orchestral voice of Sir Henry Wood, the gesture was the gesture of Beecham. He conducted without a score, which he knew thoroughly, and there was considerable sense of structure in his reading. The two concerto players, Mr David Taylor (violin) and Mr Yelland Richards (piano), have each a gifted technique—the former in particular has first-rate intonation and some style, the latter is a little incoherent and temperamental, but the Liszt concerto (No. 1) asks for pyrotechnics. Of the singers, Miss Joan Coxon has a small, liquid, unusually pure and beautifully-used voice, a real Mozart voice, as she showed in the very difficult item she sang. Miss Irene Morden, whom we heard at one of the Philharmonic Concerts last year, made a gallant shot at Brünnhilde's scene from the close of the 'Ring.' Her voice is not quite of Wagnerian magnificence at present, but it has great possibilities, in its free and unforced style, with some genuine dramatic quality. Miss Freda Townson, Miss Valetta Jacopi, and Mr Wilfred Miles made good showing in songs of scarcely less interpretative difficulty. Altogether a very pleasant and illuminating concert. A.K.H.

Dr J. B. M'Ewen, principal of the Royal Academy, entertained a number of musically interested people to a luncheon at the Adelphi Hotel prior to the concert.



ROYAL ACADEMY ORCHESTRA AT LIME STREET STATION, LIVERPOOL.

To Roslind

UPON a bank of eglantine
Sweet Roslind sleeps.
Around her and about her twine
The wild rose, while the ivy creeps,
Shy violets and pansies grow,
And bluebells chime.
As if the wild sweet flowerets know,
That she, the fairest of all time,
Roslind, the maid beyond compare,
Hath deigned to make her bower there.
The birds e'en pipe their sweetest song
To charm her ear.
All nature, fresh, unspoiled, unwronged
Does homage to a maid so fair.

ADA MAVIS ALLEN.

Queen's Hall Concert

JUNE 17TH, 1930

TIMES change, and we with them, but although the personnel of the Academy must, for obvious reasons, be changing from term to term, the standard remains high, and happily Sir Henry Wood is always with us.

The concert at the Queen's Hall, on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 17, was a great success, and the programme admirably illustrated the many departments of the Academy. Arias from Mozart and Beethoven, movements from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and the Paganini Concerto, and the first movement of Brahms' D minor Piano Concerto all showed off the capabilities of the performers. The orchestra played in first-rate style Humperdick's Overture, 'Hänsel and Gretel.' It was an exceptionally good performance, and Sir Henry Wood may not only be congratulated on the ensemble of his orchestra and the excellence of the tone of the strings, but on the esprit de corps of his players. It is a pleasure to watch as well as hear. Marjorie Playne is a promising pianist, she is not yet a Bäckhaus, but she played the first movement of that famous pianist's favourite concerto extremely well, and she will play it better still some day. Her future is worth following. James Wright plays the violin prettily, his tone is sweet, therefore suited to Mendelssohn and his delicate fancies, and his pianissimi were undeniable. Mary Callander's short orchestral work, 'A Sylvan Fancy,' made a

most insistent appeal. Who cares whether she pays homage to Debussy or anybody else in 1889 or any other vintage, and anyhow Debussy is quite a useful model to choose. The work shows real ability, and already Miss Callander knows how and when to effect a climax. Unfortunately I was unable to remain to the end of the concert, and crave the forgiveness of the artists in the second half of the programme, for not mentioning them in these few words on a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.

Mems. about Members and Others *Things Done*

Miss Roma Ferguson, A.R.A.M., who has lately been elected to the Council of the Music Teachers' Association, was invited for the third year in succession to set the tests and adjudicate for the Y.W.C.A. Southern Division of England Musical Festival.

Miss Roma Ferguson's 'St. Giles' Ladies' Choir' came first in their class at the Hampstead and Hendon Musical Festival in March, and won also an Honours Certificate at the London Festival.

Mrs. Mary Purcell Black's Ladies' Choir has recently won the Lester Jones' Cup, the Dawnay Shield (second time), and the Ladies' Contest at the Isle of Man Musical Festival.

The Robert Hyett Operatic Society gave a performance of Sir Edward German's comic opera, 'Tom Jones,' at Cripplegate Theatre, on Saturday, March 15. On Saturday, April 26, the Society produced 'San Toy' at the same theatre, both performances being under the direction of Mr Robert Hyett.

A copy of Mr W. E. Whitehouse's new book, 'Recollections of a Violoncellist,' which has just been published, has been graciously accepted by H.M. the King.

Mr Edgar Carr gave a recital of pianoforte music at the Harringay Congregational Church, on Thursday, April 3.

Mr Noel V. Hale gave a Violin Recital in the Alexandra Hall, Weymouth, on Saturday, March 29. Mr Hale has recently been appointed teacher of the violin at Weymouth College.

Miss Ernestine Heasman gave a concert of English Chamber Music, in aid of the National Children's Home, Harpenden, on Wednesday, April 30.

Mr Tobias Matthay delivered his lecture on 'The Slur or Couplet of Notes,' at Guildford (Surrey Organists' Association) on May 17.

Mr Leslie Regan conducted a performance of Sir Edward Elgar's 'The Apostles,' given by the Dulwich Philharmonic

Society in the Crystal Palace Concert Room, on Saturday, March 15.

At St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, on Thursday, April 24, William John Kipps, Fellow, Professor, and examiner of the R.A.M., was married to Lucy Helen Magdalen Girdlestone, only daughter of the late Eldred Horace Girdlestone and Catherine Augusta Girdlestone, and a descendant of a branch of the (Lord) Nelson family.

The officiating clergy were Father Andrew, S.D.C., Superior to the Society of the Divine Compassion, Plaistow, and the Rev. Pat McCormick, Vicar of St. Martins.

Upwards of 100 guests were present, including: Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, K.C.V.O., Sir Edward German, Sir Henry and Lady Wood, Mr and Mrs Frederick Moore, Mr Stewart Macpherson, Mr Alger Bell, Miss Rosina Buckman, Mr Maurice d'Oisly, Mrs Whiting, Mrs Russell, and Miss Hutchings.

During the signing of the register, Mr Maurice d'Oisly sang 'For lo, the winter is past,' from the 'Rose of Sharon,' by Sir A. C. Mackenzie.

Mr Leslie Heward presided at the Organ.

At the reception held at the Royal Adelaide Galleries, Sir Alexander Mackenzie proposed the health of the Bride and Bridegroom, and spoke in highly complimentary terms of Mr Kipps' good work. Cheers were given, and Sir Henry Wood started the singing of 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'

W. J. Kipps was at one time organist of St. Martin's, having been elected by the late Sir George Martin, after competition. He held the post for 25 years.

Entered R.A.M. 1883.

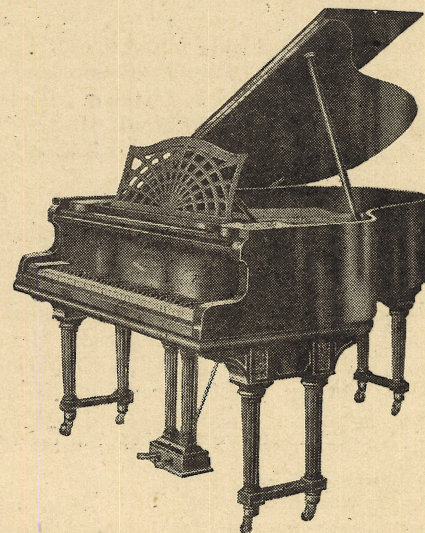
1884, gained Henry 'Smart' Scholarship for Organ and Composition (1st Henry Smart Scholar).

1887, Potter Exhibition for Piano, 'Santley' Prize for Accompaniment and Transposition. 'Heathcote Long' prize for Piano. Studied under: Walter Macfarren, Henry R. Rose, and F. W. Davenport. Sub-professor and subsequently appointed Professor by Sir A. C. Mackenzie.

Mrs Kipps was a pupil at the Academy. She has given Pianoforte recitals in London and the provinces, and toured in the Far East.

Miss Vera J. Towsey gave a pianoforte recital at Leighton House, on May 13, in conjunction with Miss Joan Morden (Soprano). The programme included works by Bach, Purcell, Mozart, and some modern Spanish items. Miss Towsey also broadcast a short recital in the National Programme of June 21.

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